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THE
RRY-GO-ROUND

CAROLYN WELLS

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THE
MERRY-GO-ROUND

"The Boys were having a splendid sail
Till they chanced to meet a passing whale."

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

By

CAROLYN WELLS

With Drawings by

PETER NEWELL

New York

R. H. RUSSELL, Publisher

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TO

ELIZABETH STEPHENS WELLS

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MUD PIES

OF all the enjoyments under the skies,
There's nothing so jolly as making mud pies.

Prepare a nice shingle, or short, narrow plank,
Lay it carefully down, on a bright, sunny bank.

Take the freshest of dirt, and the cleanest of sand.
And mix them up thoroughly well with your hand.

Add a cupful of water, then stir with a stick,—
(A little more water if it is too thick).

Now take up a lump of this beautiful dough,
About just enough for a mud pie, you know;

Roll it softly around, and give it a pat,
Don't have it too humpy, and yet not too flat.

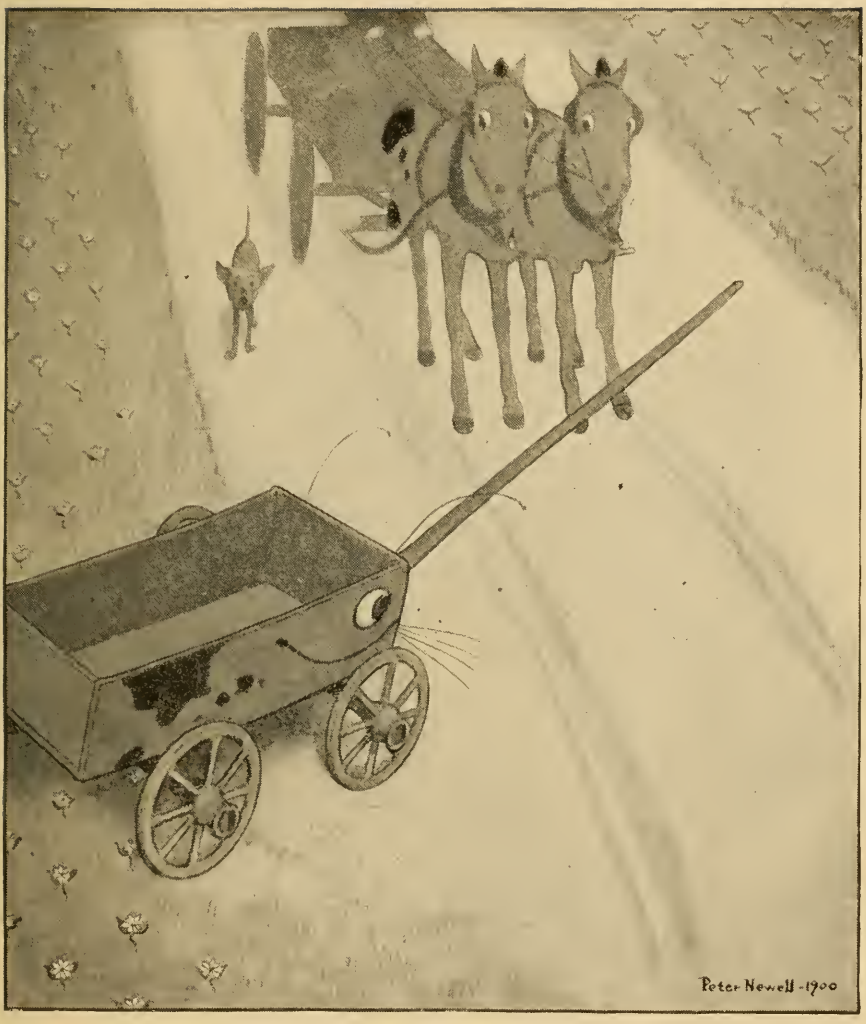
Lay it down on the board to bake in the sun,
Then make all the others just like this one.

Now sprinkle white sand over each little cake,
And leave them about fifteen minutes to bake.

And when they are done, you'll certainly say,
"That's the most fun I've had for many a day!"

THE RUDE WAGON

THIS wicked wagon likes to wait
Each morning by the garden gate,
And as the neighboring teams draw nigh,
Sticks out his tongue at passers-by.
And then he'll roll around and kick,
Delighted at his silly trick.
The wagon is a little dunce,
And should be spoken to at once.
Dearie, I've no idea that you
Such a rude thing as that would do.


Peter Newell -1900

A MERRY MONARCH

THIS is the King of Nonsense Land,
He lives on shrimps and sugared sand;
And every morning he likes to drink
A glass or two of indelible ink,
Which is always brought in a muffin ring
To the whimsical, flimsical Nonsense King.

He dances jigs on a feather bed,
He wears his slippers on top of his head;
At ten o'clock in the afternoon
He digs a well with a silver spoon.
And he *will* turn somersaults in the spring,
This fanciful, danciful Nonsense King.

He hides away on a cupboard shelf,
Then all day long he hunts for himself.
Or he sits for hours in the top of a tree,
And wonders where in the world he can be.
He's just as funny as anything,
This affable, laughable Nonsense King.

AT a city hotel an enormous Giraffe
Arrived from the East,
And this curious beast
Wore a long linen duster and carried a staff;
His wit and his chaff
Made every one laugh
This epigrammatic, grammatic Giraffe.

He took in the sights with exuberant glee,
He gazed and he stared,
And then he declared,
"I'll spend a few days by the shore of the sea.
'Tis delightful to me
In the summer to be
By the roaring, uproarious, roarious sea."

But when on his way, he cried suddenly, "Stop!
My collars are soiled,
Indeed they're quite spoiled,
And though I am neither a dandy nor fop,
I think I will pop
Into this little shop,
This neat, little habery-dashery shop."

He spoke to the shopman somewhat on this wise:
"Your stock I admire,
And I think I require
A dozen new collars and twelve pretty ties.

Not all of a size,
For I'm sure I should prize
Some rather diversified, versified ties."

With the shopkeeper's aid he selected a lot
Of collars that rolled
Or bent in a fold,—
Some low and some high; and the ties that he got
Were scarf, string and knot,
With a stripe or a spot,
A most satisfactory, factory lot.

He carefully fastened them all round his neck;
In the mirror he spied
His reflection with pride,
For Giraffes love most dearly their throats to bedeck.
He cared not a speck
For the size of his check
If he clothed his remarkable, markable neck.

Said the shopman, "Dear Sir, if I may be so bold,
By the shore of the sea
Where so soon you will be,
The weather is frequently freezingly cold;
And many I'm told
Down there you behold
With their necks in these comforting comforters rolled."

This suggestion delighted the worthy Giraffe;
Of the comforters brought
A dozen he bought.
He tied them all on. Then he picked up his staff,
And I'm sure you will laugh
At this queer photograph
Of the aristocratic, tocratic Giraffe.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

COLUMBUS Verrazzano Nansen Livingstone De Rorer
Was by all his friends considered a remarkable explorer;
He discovered a peninsula, a valley and a highland,
And then his great ambition was to find a desert island.
"How, Columbus Verrazzano," said the neighbors, "do you know,
In your search for desert islands, just exactly where to go?"
"I shall set out for Sahara," said De Rorer, with decision,
"Taking with me guides and maps and charts and plenty of provision.
For of course a desert island in a desert must be found,
And I'm sure the Great Sahara in such islands will abound."

THE BAD POTATO

THIS young potato oft was told,
By people who were wise and old,
That it is very far from right
To read without sufficient light.
He heeded not their wise behest,
But when the sun sank in the west
He strained his eyes by twilight dim,
And goggles soon were put on him.
Dearie, will you this lesson heed?
And after sundown do not read.

THIRTY
DAYS
UNDER
GROUND
BY PO TATO
Peter Newell
1900

A BIRTHDAY TREAT

MAMMA allows us, every one,
When birthdays come, you see,
To choose our fav'rite kind of fun,
Trot and the twins and me.

Trotty is only two years old,
The twins are four and four.
Of course you don't need to be told
That I'm a great deal more.

This is my birthday, I am eight,
And I said 'twould be fine
To sit up awful 'stremely late—
As late as half past nine!

"You'll all get sleepy," mother said.
But I said, "No-sir-ee!"
You see, we hate to go to bed,
Trot and the twins and me.

Why, we could stay awake till dawn!
Couldn't we, Trotty? What!
I do believe that was a yawn!
I say! Oh, wake up, Trot!

There! one twin's curled up in a heap!
Well, then, the other will.
Oh, dear, I'm sure that Trot's asleep,
She sits so very still!

A BIRTHDAY TREAT

I wonder why my eyes will wink.
If I just close them once
I'm not asleep! You needn't think
That I'd be such a dunce!

I'm wide awake, my wits are keen,
And I can tell mamma—
That both the Trottys—no—I mean—
The twin—ah—um—'m—ah—h—

A GRATIFIED AMBITION

THE Elephant seemed a trifle sad, a tear was in his eye;
I looked at him with sympathy and begged he'd tell me why.
"Alas! Alas!" the elephant said, in a voice that shook with woe;
"I have a secret trouble, and it does distress me so!
I dare say I am foolish;—but, oh! it seems to me
I'd be supremely happy could I only climb a tree."

"My friend," I quickly answered, "I can help you out this time;
For I know where there is a tree that you can surely climb."
The Elephant pranced around for joy, and said, "How kind you are!
Oh! let us go to this tree at once;—pray, is it very far?"
"'T is quite near by," I said; and then we walked around the town
And found a noble oak tree which some men had just cut down.
And that delighted Elephant was glad as he could be;—
So I said good-by, and left him there a-climbing that old tree.

IF aught of history you've been told,
Of course you know
That long ago
There lived a warrior brave and bold,
And Pompey was his name—
"Pompey the Great" he was enrolled
Upon the lists of fame.

So skillfully his darts he hurled
He conquered nearly all the world.
But this occurred,
As you have heard,
When Pompey was a man.
And as I'm sure that you'd enjoy
A tale of Pompey when a boy,
I'll tell you all I can.

Young Pompey had a pleasant home
In the old, well-known town of Rome;
The house was wondrous to behold,
Adorned with ivory and gold;
The "atrium" and the "peristyle"
(They're rooms you know,
Of long ago)
Were decked with marble, glass, and tile,
Rich woven goods

And precious woods,
And statues in the aisle.

When Pompey with his parents dined,
Upon low couches they reclined,
And thus in state
Rare viands ate
Of every sort and kind.
For clothing Pompey round him draped
A Roman garment queerly shaped—
A "toga" of white wool,
Exceeding long and full;
And on his feet the funny chap
Wore sandals buckled with a strap.

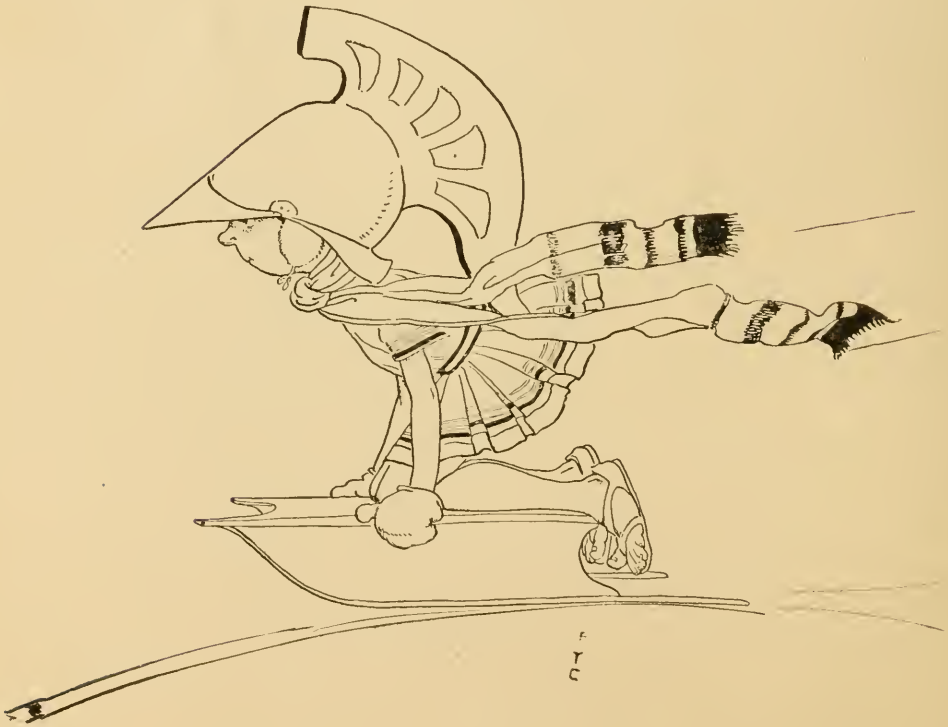
Now Pompey had his joys
As well as modern boys.

POMPEY'S CHRISTMAS

His native town of Rome could boast
Of seven hills down which to coast;

Or if he cared to see a show,
To Circus Maximus he'd go;
Then, he could read a scroll
Or a papyrus roll;
Or, if he'd wish,
In Tiber fish;
And there were many Roman games—
I have forgotten their queer names.

But shall I tell you of the way
Young Pompey spent one Christmas Day
In merriment and cheer?
And would you like to hear
How this young lad



His presents had?
The tale is rather queer.

Imagine Pompey's boyish head
Pillowed upon his ivory bed,
So sound asleep
In slumber deep,
He could not hear the tread
Of Santa Claus, who stealthily
Came, laden with a Christmas tree
That I declare,
Had you been there,
You would have laughed to see.

POMPEY'S CHRISTMAS

Of course in Italy's warm clime
They cannot find at Christmas-time
A fir or spruce
For Christmas use;
So Santa Claus, you see,
Had brought a tall palm-tree;

And when with gifts and toys arrayed,
Quite a fair Christmas tree it made,
Although 't was very high. Indeed,
A tall step-ladder one would need
To reach the toys and things,
Even when hung by strings.

POMPEY'S CHRISTMAS

As you have often heard before,
No stockings Roman people wore;
And so, ere Pompey went to bed,
He hung his sandals up instead.
And Santa Claus
Was at a loss;

For worse than stockings full of holes
It is to fill a pair of soles.
But he accomplished it some way,
And then, as it was almost day,
He slung his pack
Across his back
And drove off in his sleigh.

And oh, when Christmas morning broke,
And Pompey from his dreams awoke,
Just try to picture his delight!
But *no!* why—*wait!* this isn't right!
How *could* I make
Such a mistake?
The story is all wrong! Oh, dear!
I'll have to stop the tale right here.
You *can't* imagine Pompey's joy,
Because when Pompey was a boy
Of Christmas presents he had none;
For Christmases had not begun
When Pompey was a boy!

THE QUAGGA'S SECRET

ON a mountain in a river,
Far away and long ago,
Sat a Quagga all a-quiver
All a-shake and all a-shiver
Filling reticules with snow.
As he looked across the ocean
He exclaimed "I have a notion
Some one's coming in the gate!
Though it's only half-past eight,
Some one's coming in the gate!
Some one rather large and bulky,
Some one rather cross and sulky;
How absurd!
On my word
'Tis the sycophantic sheep
And he's walking in his sleep,
Now I'm almost sure he will
Ask me *why* I'm on this hill
Filling reticules with snow;
But I will not tell him! No,
I will never tell him, No!
'Tis a secret dark and deep,
Which I faithfully must keep.
Though my nearest friends and neighbors
Ask the reason of my labors,
Nobody shall ever know
Why I fill these bags with snow."

A QUEER HOSPITAL

THERE'S a hospital down on Absurdity Square
Where the queerest of patients are tended with care.
When I made them a visit, I saw in a crib
A little umbrella who'd broken his rib.
And then I observed in the very next bed,
A bright little pin who had bumped his poor head.
They said a new cure they'd decided to try
On an old needle totally blind in one eye.
I was much interested, and soon I espied
A shoe who complained of a stitch in her side.
And a sad-looking patient who seemed in the dumps
Was a clock with a swelled face because of the mumps.
Then I paused just a moment, a kind word to speak
To a small cup of tea who was awfully weak.
And I tried very hard, though I fear 'twas in vain,
To comfort a window who had a bad pane.
Then I took my departure, but met at the stair
A new patient whom they were lifting with care,
A victim perhaps from some terrible wreck,
'Twas a squash, who had fatally broken his neck.

A CALL ON A BALL

A KITTEN, a Kite and a Kangaroo,
With a whoop and a howl and a hullaballoo
One day in the Fall
Went out to call
On a very small
Pink Pop-Corn Ball;
And they stayed an hour or two.

The Pop-Corn Ball was awfully shy,
She wished they had waited till next July;
But she gave them a box
Of woolen socks,
Some eight-day clocks,
And building blocks,
And then they said "Good-by!"

Then the Kitten, the Kite and the Kangaroo
Away they hopped and ran and flew;
And along the road
They met a toad
To whom they showed
Their wonderful load,
With a whoop-de-doodle-do!

THE UNKEMPT TRUNK

THIS trunk does angrily declare
He will not let them brush his hair.
And though his good nurse often tries
To brush it, he just screams and cries,
And bumps around upon the floor,
And tumbles up against the door.
And then perhaps he'll run outside,
Or in the darksome attic hide.
But, dearie, I am glad to see
You have your hair brushed properly.

A WAS an Andiron
So tidy and bright
Who kept up the fire
By day and by night.
Amiable Andiron!

B was a Bureau
Who never would stop
Rolling its marble
And spinning its top
Beautiful Bureau!

C was a Chair
Who said "I declare
My legs are quite spry,
I can walk if I try."
Clever old Chair!

D was a Door
Who said proudly, "I am
So often a-jar
Because of my jamb."
Dutiful Door!

E was a Ewer
Who said in despair
"I'm not made of china
I am a ware."
Envious Ewer!

F was a Furnace
Who nearly went daft
When they asked him to draw
A check and a draft.
Funny old Furnace!

G was a Gridiron
Who never told fibs,
But how he would laugh
If you tickled his ribs.
Giggling Gridiron!

H was a Hatrack
Who said "Will you note
To-day I have on
A new hat and coat."
Haughty old Hatrack!

I was an Iron
Who fell on a cat,
And afterward said
He felt awfully flat.
Imbecile Iron!

J was a Jewsharp
Whom nobody owned,
Though he often remarked
He was very high-toned.
Jovial Jewsharp!

K was a Key
Who tried not to see
Through the keyhole. 'Twas rude,
He said, to intrude.
Kindhearted Key!

L was a Ladder
Who was such a dunce
Whatever he did,
They saw through him at once.
Laughable Ladder!

M was a Mirror
Who said, "I expect
The time has now come
When I must reflect."
Moody old Mirror.

N was a Nail
Who plaintively said,
"I wish I'd a place
To pillow my head."
Nice little Nail!

O was an Organ
All gilded in stripes,
Who would blow soap-bubbles
With one of his pipes.
Obstinate Organ!

P was a Pillow,
Pretty and fair;
And everyone praised
His nicely curled hair.
Popular Pillow!

Q was a Quilt
Made of bits of old frocks;
And all the day long
He played with his blocks.
Queer little Quilt!

R was a Range
Who said "It is strange,—
My chimney flue,
Why can't I fly too?
Ridiculous Range!

S was a Stovepipe
Who cried out "Oh, dear!
I've just bumped my elbow,
'Tis broken, I fear."
Sorrowful Stovepipe!

T was a Tub
Who sat on the stoop,
Or ran on the sidewalk
To trundle his hoop.
Tractable Tub!

U an Umbrella
Who murmured one day,
" When I am shut up
I have nothing to say."
Useful Umbrella!

V was a Vase
Who said to himself,
" I must be quite old,
I am placed on the shelf."
Valuable Vase!

W was a Wheel,
Who when they inquired
Why he did not go on,
Replied he was tired.
Weary old Wheel.

X was a Xebec,
A very fine boat,
Who said, " I can't swim,
But I think I can float."
Excellent Xebec!

Y was a Yardstick
Who said " I've three feet
So I think I will take
A walk down the street."
Yellowish Yardstick!

ALPHABET OF INANIMATES

Z was a Zither
Who hadn't a tongue,
But he said that he felt
Completely unstrung.
Zealous old Zither!

IN CHINA

WHAT is amusing these Chinamen so?
What is that queer thing a-wheel?
There's only one Cochin China you know,
And only one automobile.

A HERO

NAPOLEON Wellington Dewey Malone
Was the bravest young hero that ever was known :
He vowed and declared he would not be afraid
In a battle, a skirmish, a siege or a raid.
He repeatedly stated he thought 'twould be fun
To face howitzer, cannon, sword, pistol or gun ;
He wished all his friends and his neighbors to know
That bravely and calmly he'd meet any foe.
Now Napoleon Wellington, fearing no harm,
Went to visit his uncle who lived on a farm ;
And out in the barnyard he had *such* a shock
There came rushing toward him a great Turkey-cock!
With wide flapping wings and tail spread like a fan,—
Napoleon Dewey just turned round and *ran!*

THE CARELESS BOTTLE

A collar and a tie should deck
This pretty bottle's slender neck.
But though his mother kindly buys
The most expensive silken ties,
And lovely collars edged with lace,
He will not have them pinned in place,
But crossly screams, "No, no, not I
Will wear a collar or a tie!"
Dearie, I hope you'll think it best
Always to be correctly dressed.

Peter Newell-1900

THE THREE SILLY SAILORS

THREE Silly Old Sailors went out for sport;
Went out for sport one day;
They bundled into a smallish boat,
On a briny wave they were soon afloat,
And they fished in Baffling Bay,
But not for fish of a common sort,
"Oh, no," said they, "we'll have rarer sport."
So they fished and fished for mermaids fair,
With shiny green tails and golden hair;
Each baited his line
With a trinket fine
That made the mermaids stare.
"Tra la la, tra la le,"
Sang the mermaids gay,
And the Silly Old Sailors laughed with glee
As they fished in Baffling Bay

They presently said, "We'll go ashore,"
"We'll go ashore," they said;
And one of them said to the others, "Look,
In that grassy meadow there runs a brook,
And a notion is in my head."
Then down in the grass by the fence they hid,
Holding fast to a rope that held the lid
Of a trap which they fixed with wires and strings
To catch the brook that babbles and sings;

They lay for hours
Among the flowers,
They were such silly things!
"Ha ha ha, ho ho ho,"
Laughed the little brook,
And the Silly Old Sailors chuckled low,
As they lay in their grassy nook.

Then the Silly Old Sailors strayed afield,
They strayed till half-past nine;
Said one, "Let's go to Tinkham Town
And see what game we may bring down,
They say cloud-shooting is fine."
"Aha," said one, "some clouds I spy,
Floating along in the Summer sky,
I think, my friends, we can seal their fate!"
So they raised their guns and aimed them straight,
But whether they shot
A cloud or not
They missed about six or eight.
"Hoot-te-toot, hoot-te-toot,"
Cried the Tinkham men,
But the Silly Old Sailors loved to shoot,
So they loaded their guns again.

THAT CHERRY-TREE

YOU'VE heard o'er and o'er
Descriptions galore
Of General Washington's glory;
But I'll tell you, forsooth,
A tale of his youth,
A hitherto unwritten story.

When George was a boy,
It was his great joy
To save up the pennies he got
In order to buy
On Fourth of July
Some firecrackers, powder and shot.

Now of course, as you know,
This was long, long ago,
But we were a lusty young nation;
And the Fourth of July
Wasn't let to go by
Without a good big celebration.

One day, we are told,
When about eight years old,
George hadn't a cent in his pocket;
The holiday came,
And to his great shame
He couldn't buy pinwheel or rocket.

But suddenly he
Bethought, with a tree
A fire he could make and be merry;
He soon chopped one down,
'Twas the pride of the town,
His kind father's favorite cherry!

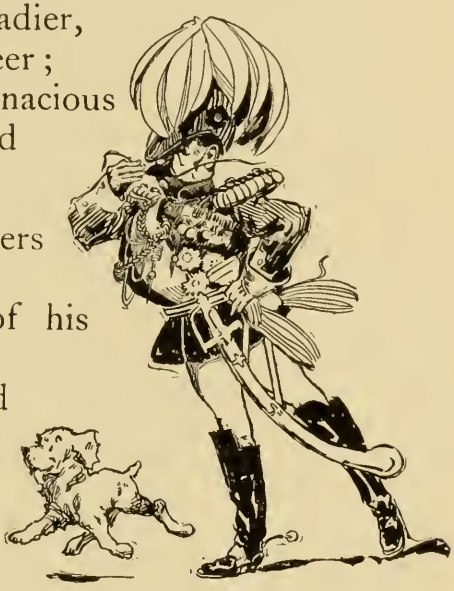
A bonfire he made
To greet the parade
On the night of the Fourth of July;
When his father said, "Son!
Oh, what have you done?"
George said, "I can*not* tell a lie.

"I chopped down your tree,
Because,—daddy, you see,
No fireworks at all could I get."
His kind father smiled,
And said, "My dear child,
I think you'll be President yet!"

Now this tale *may* be true,
But between me and you,
They didn't keep Fourth of July
When George was a youth.
If he vouched for its truth
I fear he *was* telling a lie.

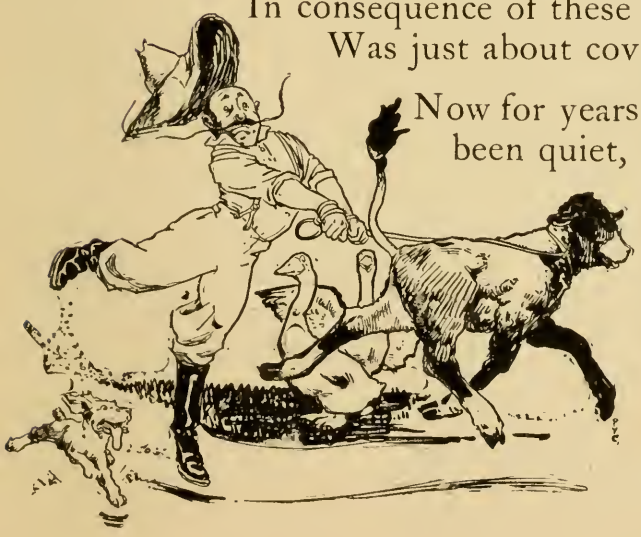
SIR MARMADUKE MARS

SIR Marmaduke Mars was audacious,
A brave grenadier,
A fierce fusileer;
A warrior bold and pugnacious
A mettlesome, mad
musketeer.



His friends and admirers
who knew him
Told tales of his
luck,
His valor and
pluck;—
How he chased a wild
tiger and slew him,
And killed a bel-
ligerent buck.

He had fought with lieutenants and lieges,
And Sir Marmaduke Mars
Of the Haughty Hussars,
In consequence of these sharp sieges
Was just about covered with scars.



Now for years Marmaduke had
been quiet,
The fray lost its
charms,
He laid down
his arms—

SIR MARMADUKE MARS

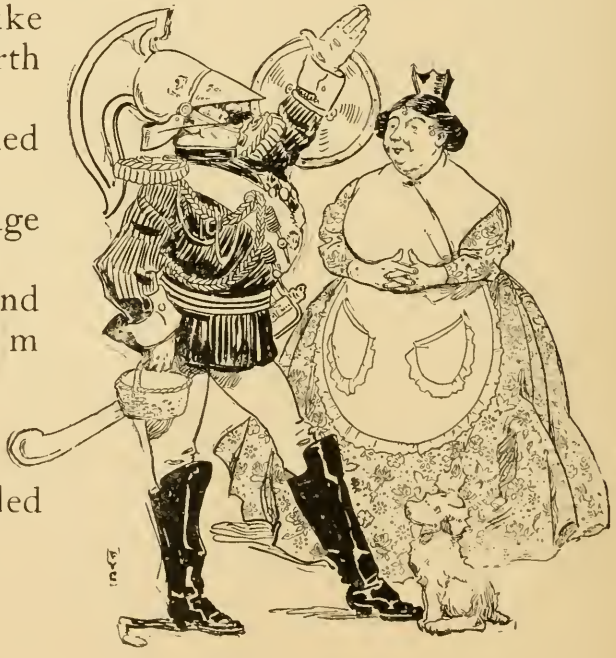
He had given up combat and riot,
And calmly looked after his farms.

But one day as he sat in his study,
He said to his wife:
"I tire of home life,
I long for an escapade bloody,
With danger and jeopardy rife."

Now nought this good woman could ruffle;
She said, "My adored,
I fear you *are* bored;
Go out, dear, and hunt up a scuffle,
I'll fetch you your helmet and sword."

She brought him his shield and his truncheon,
His foes to defy;
Then she bade him good-by,
And gave him a nice little luncheon
Of sandwiches, pickles and pie.

Sir Marmaduke sallied forth bravely,
And marched for a mile,
When a huge crocodile
Stepped up and saluted him gravely,
(Though I think that he stifled a smile.)



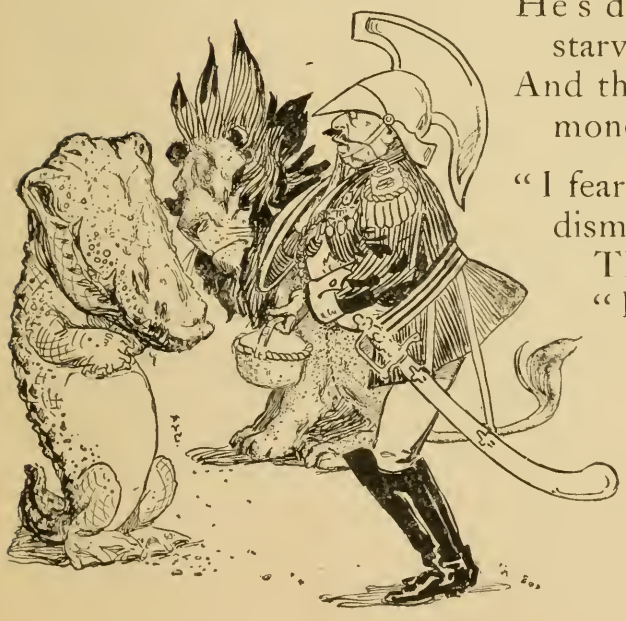
Said the crocodile, sadly, "A lion
Lies there in the shade
Of that tropical glade,
I very much fear he's a dyin',
I beg and implore you for aid."

Sir Marmaduke grew quite excited,
And fearlessly brave;
He said, "Show me his cave,
Whatever is wrong shall be righted!
The life of that beast I will save."

The crocodile, noisily weeping,
Concealed his delight,
And conducted the knight
To the den where the lion lay sleeping,
A truly deplorable sight.

"You see, Sir, my friend's situation,
So appallingly thin,
He's just bone and skin;
He's dying, dear Sir, of starvation,
And that's why we summoned you in.

"I fear that the prospect dismays you,"
The crocodile said,
"But your fame will be spread,



Your friends (if they hear it!) will praise you
For having a hungry lion fed."

Sir Marmaduke's lower lip quivered,
Though hot-headed and bold;
He felt suddenly cold—
He shuddered, he shook and he shivered,
Apprehensive of horrors untold.

Sir Marmaduke looked rather sickly,
But being a man
Accustomed to plan,
And accustomed to doing it quickly,
He opened his mouth and began:

"My friends, I appreciate duly
And commiserate
Your very sad fate,
And I think it was fortunate truly
That I happened along ere too late.

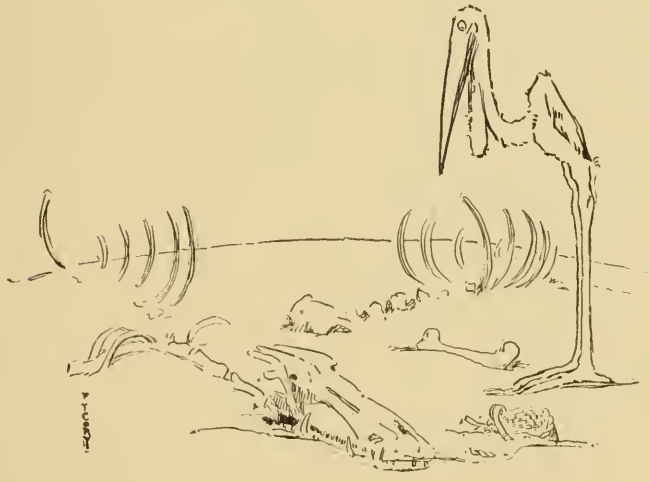
"I'm flattered to think you should choose me,
If on me it depends
To further your ends—
But if you will kindly excuse me,
I'll go and call in a few friends.

"The occasion seems really to ask it,
Although I must say
I regret the delay;
And, oh, by the way—here's a basket
Which I'll leave in your charge if I may."

The crocodile jumped for the hamper,
The lion turned his eye
Toward the pickles and pie;
Our hero set off on a scamper
And flew over the ground pretty spry.

When the crocodile presently finished,
(He'd eaten the best
And the lion had the rest),
With appetites scarcely diminished
They sat down to wait for their guest.

They patiently sat there and waited,
They waited until
The evening grew chill,
And as nothing contrary's narrated,
They're probably sitting there still.



OLD Father Time, on Christmas Eve,
Said anxiously: "I do believe
That Father Christmas will be late.
He ought to start; it's half-past eight.
At midnight he is due on earth;
He'll have to rush for all he's worth.
It is a shame, upon my word!—"
Just then the telephone was heard.
"Hello," said Time; "hello; who's this?"
"A messenger from Father Kriss.
He has a bad attack of gout
And won't be able to go out.
And so he hopes you can supply
A substitute for him. Good-by."
"Alas," said Father Time, "alas!
I've feared that this would come to pass,
For Father Christmas has grown old,
And cannot stand the frost and cold.
But to the waiting human race
I must send someone in his place.
I'd go myself, but 'tis just now
My busiest day; I don't see how
I can be spared. 'Tis almost nine—"
Ting-ling! "Hello, St. Valentine!"
"Who's this?" "I'm Time." "Hello!" "Hello!
Christmas is ill. Say, can't you go
And take his place on earth to-night?
You're just about his size and height.

The difference none would ever know.
Come, hurry up, old chap, and go."
"I can't," St. Valentine replied;
"I've got a cold, and then, beside,
I'm very busy writing lines
And making up my valentines.
I'm sorry, Father Time, but I
Can't go. Get someone else. Good-by."
Then Father Time was very vexed,
Fourth of July he called up next.
But that young urchin laughed in glee,
And said: "No Christmases for me!
Too well my face each youngster knows;
Besides, I have no Winter clothes."
"I'll go," the little New Year said.
Time patted the small curly head,
And kindly said: "No, boy, not so,
But next week, Monday, you may go."
Just then the April Fool came by,
With mischief in his twinkling eye.
He heard the trouble, and said he:
"Why, Father Time, I'll go; send me.
I've nothing in the world to do,
And I'd be glad to favor you."
"Fool!" said Old Time, "they know you well
They'd take offense at such a sell."
"Why, not at all," said April Fool;
"I know the customs of old Yule.
I'll wear a long white beard and wig,

And make myself look old and big.
Indeed, 'twill be a jolly lark!
Now I'll set out before it's dark,
And do the best I can for you."
As there was nothing else to do
Time was obliged to give consent.
And to the April Fool he lent
Old Father Christmas' robe and cap.
Arrayed in these, the merry chap
Was sure he'd fool the wisest folk,
And went off chuckling at the joke.
He reached the earth just at the time
The bells rang out their midnight chime,
And through the whole of Christmas Day
That tricky April Fool held sway,
And he did all that he could plan
To tease the heart of mortal man.
Instead of snow and frost and storm
The weather was quite mild and warm;
The fields were gay with budding flowers;
The clouds gave hints of April showers;
Instead of Christmas songs, all day
They heard the street hand-organs play,
And children who had hoped to see
A spruce or hemlock Christmas tree
Discovered in the best front room
A peach or cherry tree in bloom.
Even the candies were no good—
Just cotton-wool, or bits of wood.

And, somehow, no one thought it droll
To find salt in the sugar-bowl.
But mischief-loving April Fool
Laughed at the topsy-turvy Yule.
He mixed up all the children's toys,
Gave drums to girls and dolls to boys;
He brought the ladies pipes and canes,
And to the men, fans and gold chains;
Gave specs to babies in long frocks,
And to their grandpas, building-blocks,
Until each woman, man and child
With indignation went quite wild.
But never did they know or guess
Why Christmas wasn't a success.

ONCE there was an awful dragon
And he bought a painted wagon
And he went careering wildly down the road;
When he saw a haughty griffin
Superciliously sniffin',
'Cause the dragon hadn't paid him what he owed.

Then that grim and awful dragon
Took a mediæval flagon,
Which he offered to the griffin as a gift.
The angry one received it;
But, would you have believed it?
Instead of saying "Thanks!" he sat and sniffed.

Said the dragon, "It is hateful
To see people so ungrateful;"
But the griffin never smiled, and I dare say,
Like a half-demented creature,
Full of scorn in every feature,
That griffin is a-sniffin' to this day.

A VICTIM TO ADVICE

A WISE old man was Ebenezer Barr,
Who always tried to do as he was bid;
They said, "Go, hitch your wagon to a star"—
And Ebenezer did.

But oh! what trials he had to endure
When that cantankerous star he tried to drive!
It would have been a marvel, I am sure,
Had he come out alive.

For of the science of astronomy
So ignorant was Ebenezer Barr,
He made an awful blunder, and, you see,
He chose a shooting star.

And though he sat up firmly in his place,
Determined he would conquer his wild steed,
That star went plunging madly into space
At more than lightning speed.

Of course the poor old fellow was thrown out;—
His was a fearful fate; and they do say
That Ebenezer was, without a doubt,
Drowned in the milky way.

THE VAIN LADY-FINGERS

THESE Lady-Fingers, silly things,
Bedeck themselves with gaudy rings;
They see the mock-gems flash and shine,
And murmur proudly, "Oh, how fine!"
They do not know 'tis better taste
To wear no jewels than gems of paste.
Indeed, clean hands are better far
Than any tawdry jewels are.
Dearie, I'm sure you do not care
These imitation-gems to wear.

Peter Newell 1900

THE THREE WISE BOYS

THERE were three wise men of Gotham of old
Who went to sea in a bowl, we're told;
And nobody knows what became of the men,
Not one of them ever was heard of again.

But three wise little boys did better than that,
They went to sea in an old straw hat;
And of course they knew they couldn't drown,
For they sat on the brim with their feet in the crown.

The wind was as strong as a roaring bear,
And blew their boat 'most everywhere;
And the boys were having a splendid sail
Till they chanced to meet a passing whale.

Now this whale was awfully old and fat,
And he thought he'd like to wear a hat;
So he quickly dumped the sailors out,
Then put on the hat and swam about.

A WAS an affluent Ape
Who bought a magnificent cape ;
'Twas ruffled and frilled,
And plaited and quilled,
And trimmed round about with blue tape.

B was a burly Baboon
Who always ate breakfast at noon ;
He called for two kegs
Of soft scrambled eggs,
And ate them all up with a spoon.

C was a clever old Codfish,
Who was an exceedingly odd fish ;
He hadn't a shoe,
But he knew what to do,
He went to a place where they shod fish.

D was a dignified Deer,
Who wore a large ring in each ear,
A wide, flowing tie,
And a glass in his eye,
And he did look most awfully queer

E was an elegant Eagle,
Who wore a fur robe which was regal ;
He once practiced law,
But he had to withdraw,
For they said that his mind wasn't legal.

F was a funny old Fox,
Who purchased a pair of blue socks;
He said, "I won't wear them,
I fear I will tear them."
So he put them away in a box.

G was a gay Guinea pig,
Who wore a ridiculous rig;
It was nothing at all
But a black and white shawl
And a powdered Colonial wig.

H was a heartbroken Hare
Who purchased a large Bartlett pear;
When her friends said, "It will
Make you awfully ill."
She sat down and howled in despair.

I was an Ibex, who said
"I fear I am wrong in my head;
For I gave my left shoe
To an old Kangaroo
And I'm wearing a mitten instead."

J was a jolly old Jay,
Who went to a gay matinée;
He wore a new hat
And a speckled cravat,
And carried a gorgeous bouquet.

K was a Kilkenny Kite,
Who wanted to learn how to write;
  But all through the day
  He wanted to play,
So he went to a night-school at night.

L was a lively old Lynx,
Who set out to visit the Sphinx;
  He took her some clams,
  Some jellies and jams,
And a large bunch of carnation pinks.

M was a moody old Moose,
Who tied all his shoestrings too loose;
  Said his neighbors polite,
  "We'll tie them up tight,"
But he only replied, "What's the use?"

N was a nice Nightingale,
Who went in his yacht for a sail;
  He said, "I'm so hoarse,
  Or I'd stay home, of course,
And practice my chromatic scale.'

O was an overfed Owl,
Who wore a brown cassock and cowl;
  When they said, "Do you wish
  To taste of this dish?"
He only replied by a growl.

P was a proud Porcupine,
  Who lived upon waffles and wine;
  With a stiff, haughty stalk
  He went for a walk,
And came back about quarter to nine.

Q was a queer looking Quail,
Who wore a complete coat of mail,
  Though shining and bright
  It impeded his flight,
So he sat all day long on a rail.

R was a roguish Raccoon
Who purchased a great big balloon,
  And one summer day
  He trimmed it up gay
With many a floral festoon

S was a stupid old Sparrow,
Who built him a nest on an arrow,
  It wobbled about
  Till the Sparrow found out
Its foundation was really too narrow.

T was a tragical Turkey,
Whose manner of walking was jerky;
  He went on the stage,
  But he left in a rage
When told that his face was too smirky.

U was an Umbrella-bird,
A very queer creature, I've heard;
When they asked him to speak,
He tied up his beak,
And has never since uttered a word.

V was a vain Vampire-Bat,
Who was proud of his new summer hat;
'Twas exceedingly gay,
Trimmed with heather and hay,
And the brim was quite broad and quite flat.

W was a wan Weasel,
Who sat all day long at his easel;
When they said, "There's a spot
On your face, is there not?"
He answered, "I think it's a measle."

X was an old Xenurine,
The queerest that ever was seen;
He hadn't a thimble,
But being quite nimble,
He sewed on the sewing machine.

Y was a young looking Yak,
Who went for a ride in a hack;
He rode night and day
Till he quite lost his way,
So, of course, he could never come back.

A MARVELOUS MENAGERIE

Z was a Zebra, who said,
" My heart is as heavy as lead ;
For the people all stare
At the costume I wear,
And really, I wish I were dead ! "

THE GOAT

THERE once was a good natured Goat ;—
When an oyster-shell stuck in his throat,
He just shook his head
And thoughtfully said
His digestion perhaps 'twould promote.

THE SILLY PENCILS

THESE pencils are a reckless pair—
Their rubbers they refuse to wear.
And when they said, one summer day,
They wanted to go out to play,
Nurse said, "The sky is not quite clear;
Put on your rubbers. Do you hear?"
They did not do as they were told,
And so, of course, they both took cold.
Dearie, I hope you'll not forget
To wear your rubbers when it's wet.

Peter Newell 1900

A QUEER VOYAGE

AN ingenious man named Abiram Barr
Declared he could sail in an old street-car.
So he took his street-car down to the sea,
For a very determined man was he.
When everybody was sound asleep,
He steered right straight for the rolling deep.

But the funniest part is yet to tell,
That street-car sailed extremely well!
For you see the clever old man was able
To fasten it to the Atlantic cable.
So that's the way Abiram Barr
Crossed the sea in a cable-car.

A FRIEND IN NEED

DOWN in the depths of a jungle glade,
There lived a lion quite old and staid,
A nice old fellow.
His mane was yellow,
His roar was gentle, his voice was mellow,
He roamed about in the shade.

One day as he was trotting around,
Upon the ground
He suddenly found
A pocket mirror! He gave a bound.
He was very much pleased and he roared with glee,
For a regular dandy lion was he;
And he'd often wished it might come to pass
That he could possess a looking-glass.

He took it home to his jungle den,
And he scanned his reflection again and again;
But he soon observed, to his great dismay,
His mane was snarled in a terrible way.
Now the lion had more than his share of pride,
And he felt exceedingly mortified.
He was very vain
Of his handsome mane,
And its tousled condition he saw with pain.

His friends to untwist the tangles tried,
But they pulled so hard that he almost cried.
At last he exclaimed, "Well, upon my word!
'Tis the strangest thing I ever heard,
That none can untangle, untwist or untwine,
This snarled and matted mane of mine.
What is the use of being a king,
If my subjects can't do such a simple thing?"

Then he sent for the crier and had it cried
Through the length and breadth of the mountainside:
"Oh, ho! oh, ho! Who knows a way
To untangle the lion's mane, I say?
A prize is offered, a bountiful feast,
To any kind of a bird or beast,
Bison or buffalo, stork or crane,
Who can untangle the lion's mane!"

When the proclamation was cried aloud,
Of course it drew a terrible crowd.
But none of the beasts, not even a lynx,
Not one of the ferrets or weasels or minks,
Was clever enough to unravel the kinks.
From the smallest snail to the biggest bear
They all stood there
With dejected air,
And gave the problem up in despair.

At last two belated guests appeared
At the lion's den. The populace cheered,
And in the midst of a deafening din
A fox and a rooster were ushered in.
The impetuous fox bounded up with a rush,
And said, " Pray permit me to offer my brush ! "
While the rooster, who'd run all the way from his home,
Said, " Kindly allow me to lend you my comb ! "
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the deed is done,
The tangles straightened one by one.
And the lion's cheeks glowed with a happy flush
As he thanked his friends for their comb and brush.

THE FISH'S WISH

LIVING alone in a catamaran
Was a fish who wanted a feather fan;
As afar he sailed,
He wept and wailed,
For he was a sad and dolorous fish,
And no one would gratify his wish.

At last, as any one might expect,
His crazy old catamaran was wrecked
On a pebbly beach,
Where he found a peach,
A cross-eyed cow and a map of Japan,
But not a sign of a feather fan.

With a handkerchief of excessive size
He wearily wiped his weeping eyes;
And he said to the cow:
"Could you tell me how,
Or when, or where, or why I can
Provide myself with a feather fan?"

"Why, yes," said the cow, "I expect a crate
Of feather fans by the noonday freight,
And I shall rejoice
If you'll make a choice,
For the colors and sizes greatly vary,"—
"Oh, thanks!" said her benefishiary.

THE ANIMALS' FAIR

LONG, long ago, and as far away as Norroway,
The beasties clubbed together and they held a big bazaar;
Not an animal was slighted, every single one invited,
And they all appeared delighted as they came from near and far.

The Bear brushed his hair and dressed himself with care,
With the Lynx and two Minks he started to the fair.
The Tapir cut a caper as he read his morning paper
And learned about the great bazaar and all the wonders there.

The chattering Chinchilla, trotted in with the Gorilla
Much elated, so they stated, by the prospects of the fun;
While the Yak dressed in black, came riding in a hack,
And the Buffalo would scuffle-oh, because he couldn't run.

The Donkey told the Monkey that he had forgot his trunk-key,
So an Ox took the box and put it in the way
Of a passing Hippopotamus—who angrily said—
"What a muss!"
As he trod upon the baggage and observed the disarray.

A graceful little Antelope bought a delicious Cantaloupe,
And at table with a Sable sat primly down to eat;
While a frisky young Hyena coyly gave a philopena
To an Ibex who made shy becks at her from across the street.

A delightful Dromedary danced in gaily from a dairy,
The Gazelle murmured, "Well, I will buy some cream of you;"
But just then a great camelopard came up and shouted—"Hello Pard!"
Which was his way of greeting a newly entered Gnu.

The Bison was a pricin' a tea-chest of young Hyson,
So cheap said the Sheep that it nearly made her weep;
The lazy Armadillo bought a satin sofa pillow,
Then found a cozy, dozy place and laid him down to sleep.

An inhuman old Ichneumon sang a serenade by Schumann,
The Giraffe gave a laugh and began to cheer and chaff;
An appreciative Jaguar, said, "Goodness, what a wag you are!"
And the Camel got his Camera and took a photograph.

The Baboon and the Loon and the rollicking Raccoon
Fed an Otter with a blotter though it wasn't good to eat;
The Bunny thought 'twas funny, all his money went for honey,
But a Rabbit has a habit of liking what is sweet.

The Ape left her cape out on the fire-escape,
The Jerboa lost her boa which caused her much distress;
But the fair was well attended and the money well expended
And financially and socially it was a great success.

A CONCATENATION

AN Angora Cat sat quietly in his home
Combing his long hair with a catacomb.

Then lest he should suffer from dampness or fog
He threw on his fire another catalog.

Next he took a catsup from his pewter ladle,
Then shook up his caterpillar in his cat's-cradle.

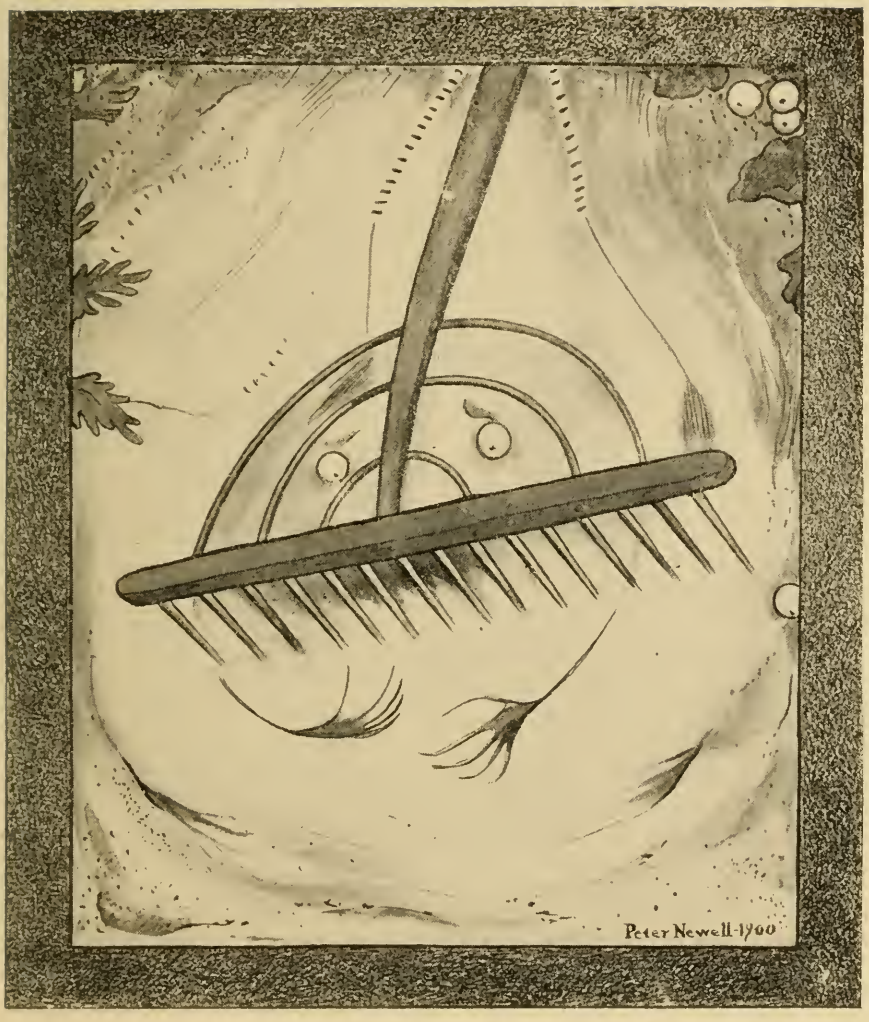
He tied 'neath his chin his ruffled night-cap
And curled himself up for a happy catnap.

THE FUNNY BUNNY

THERE was a little rabbit
Who had a foolish habit
Of standing on his head to speak a piece,
Till his teacher said, " Now, Bunny,
Such conduct isn't funny,
And, really, these performances must cease ! "

THE HEEDLESS RAKE

BEHOLD this sorry garden rake,
His teeth have all begun to ache.
They ache so hard it makes him cry,
And would you know the reason why?
Because the rake will not be good
And brush them each day as he should.
And what else, pray, can he expect
If he his duty will neglect?
But, Dearie, you're as good as gold,
And brush your teeth when you are told.


Peter Newell-1900

TEN little cookies brown, crisp and fine,
Grandma gave Polly one, then there were nine.
Nine little cookies on a china plate,
Polly took another one, then there were eight.
Eight little cookies, made with flour and leaven,
The butcher-boy tried one, then there were seven.
Seven little cookies much liked by chicks,
The old hen stole one, then there were six.
Six little cookies to make children thrive,
Polly helped herself again, then there were five.
Five little cookies too near the door,
The dog came and gobbled one, then there were four.
Four little cookies as cute as could be,
Grandma took one herself, then there were three.
Three little cookies. Grandpa said, "Pooh!"
But he ate one just the same, then there were two.
Two little cookies, and it was such fun
That Polly ate another, then there was one.
One little cooky, rather overdone,
Bridget threw that away, then there was none.

A PIGGITY-WIG
Had a golden gig
To ride from here to there;
He went back and forth
From South to North,
He traveled everywhere.

But the more he rode
The more it snowed,
Till he said: "I think it's best
To change my course,"
So he turned his horse,
And rode from East to West.

THE THREE WISHES

A KITTEN, a Fish and a Butterfly
On a rocky beach sat high and dry.
And the Kitten said, "It seems to me
It must be delightful to swim in the sea."
"I am sure," said the Fish, "it can't compare
With the glory of flying about in the air."
"Oh, the air is no fun," the Butterfly said,
"I'd much rather live on the earth instead,
I get so tired of trackless space,—
Could I walk or run from place to place
And burrow holes in the ground, then I
Would be just the *happiest* Butterfly."
"I wish," said the Kitten, "you had *my* home,
And I'd go and live in the ocean's foam.
I'd float on the crest of a rolling wave
Or dive to the depths of a coral cave.
Oh, if I only could live in the sea,
What a fortunate satisfied Kitten I'd be!"
"And I," said the Fish, "would like to soar
To the height of a hundred feet or more;
I'd perch aloft on the telegraph wires,
Or alight on the highest cathedral spires.
And all through the sunny summer hours
I'd flit 'round among the meadow flowers."
Now it chanced that every single word
By a passing Fairy was overheard.
As she saw the discontented crowd,
So dejected-looking, she laughed aloud,

And said, "Though I think you're each a dunce,
Your wishes shall be fulfilled at once.
You'll soon be tired of the silly freak,
But I'll let you try it for just a week."
She waved her hand, and the startled Fish
Discovered that he had attained his wish;
And half in ecstasy, half in fright,
He flew away and was out of sight.
The Butterfly gasped as he suddenly found
That he was running along the ground.
"I was right," he chuckled, "the earth is best,—
Now I'll sit in the shade for a little rest."
The Kitten was scared as scared could be
When she found herself in the tossing sea.
'Twas exciting to swim through the waves, and yet
Somehow it seemed so awfully wet.
But she found it quite easy to float and dive,
And she said, "I'm the happiest kitten alive."
A week passed by and then the four
Again assembled upon the shore.
And again the Fairy laughed aloud
As she saw the dilapidated crowd.
The Butterfly was *so* forlorn,
His feet were bruised and his wings were torn—
And he told in a trembling voice of woe
The trials he'd had to undergo.
He'd been stepped on, run over and chased by a dog.
Stuck in the mud, and lost in a fog.
Then he whispered low, while his cheek turned pale,

A horrid tin can had been tied to his tail!
And he begged the Fairy to declare
That he might return to his native air.
The Fish appeared so faint and weak
He was really scarcely able to speak;
But he told of the troubles he had been through,
How the children ran after him, crying "Shoo!"
'Neath their old straw hats they imprisoned him,—
then
With shouts of glee they freed him again.
At last, a professor, old and gray,
Caught him and took him home one day.
The Fish was scared to the ends of his fins
As he saw the chloroform, cotton and pins.
They were new to him,—but he understood,
And flew out of the window as quick as he could.
And he begged of the kindly Fairy, that he
Might be sent back home to his dear old sea.
The Kitten related a thrilling tale
Of how she encountered a monstrous whale;
And once, when a bite of meat she took,
Her tongue was pierced by a hidden hook;
Again she was caught in an awful net.
And the poor little thing was so soaking wet,
That she just sat down and began to cry
For the farmhouse kitchen, warm and dry.
She coaxed the Fairy to let her go home,
Saying never again she'd ask to roam.
The Fairy smiled, "My dears," said she,

"When those silly notions possessed you three,
I thought it over, and felt quite sure
That the only way to effect a cure,
Was to give your project a careful test
And prove to you each that home is best.
And now I'm sure you'll all agree
That where you belong it is best to be."
"That's so," said the Fish, as he gave a leap
And landed safe in the briny deep.
The Butterfly cast off his look of care
And soared aloft through the sunny air.
While the Kitten paused but to say Good-by,
Then scurried home by the fire to dry.
And the Fairy said, as away she went,
"I think hereafter they'll live content."

A NARROW ESCAPE

A PAPER Doll was once afloat
In a treacherous little paper boat.

She cried aloud, with a startled shriek,
"Oh, dear, I fear my boat's aleak!

"The water comes in all around,
I'm almost sure I shall be drowned!

"And then besides, I have a notion
There are whales and sharks in this great ocean."

Now the ocean was nothing but a pail
Where Polly had put the boat to sail;

And then she had thoughtlessly run away,
With other dolls and toys to play.

But she came back just in time to save
That paper doll from a watery grave.

THE SAUCY CABBAGE

A LITTLE cabbage here is seen,
He's very young and very green.
" My child," his mother oft would say,
" Put on your hat at once, I pray.
Your leaves will wither up and dry,
And you will fade away and die."
" Who cares ? " the naughty cabbage said.
" I'll have no hat upon my head ! "
Dearie, I'm sure you'd not do that,
But in the garden wear your hat.

Peter Newell-1900

'TWAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Everybody was sleeping as still as a mouse.
No stockings were hung and no presents prepared,
No Christmas-tree ordered,—but nobody cared;
Or at least no one seemed to be troubling himself,
No turkeys were killed, no mince pies on the shelf—
No bright-berried holly was wreathed on the wall,
No mistletoe bough had been hung in the hall.
'Twas surely the night before Christmas, and yet
Every one in the house seemed this fact to forget.
But this happened in Norway, so nothing was wrong,
For their night before Christmas is just six months long.

AN AWFUL FATE

THERE was a naughty little girl who
wouldn't sew her seam,
And when she went to bed at night she had
an awful dream.
She thought a great big sewing-bird came hovering
o'er her head,
His claws were full of needles and his tail was made
of thread.
He whisked her off to a lonely isle where the
thimble-berries grow,
And there, hemmed in by cotton-trees, she had to
sit and sew.

THE CANNER

A CANNER, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
"A canner can can
Any thing that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?

THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GERANIUM

A BUD of red geranium
One sunny Summer day,
Grew tired of staying in the yard
And tried to run away.
Watching its opportunity,
Heedless of consequence,
It slipped between the pickets
Of the sheltering garden fence.
Now, though this foolish little flower
Was but a bud, alack!
Outside the fence it bloomed, and then
It never could get back.

A COMPETENT ARTIST

POLLY sat drawing at her little desk,
A thoughtful wrinkle on her baby brow;
She drew an animal of form grotesque,
And calmly stated, "Auntie, that's a cow."

"It is, indeed, a charming cow," I said;
"But cows have legs, and yours has none, my pet;"
"I know," said Polly, nodding her wise head,
"But, Auntie, they are in the pencil yet."

A GREAT SINGER

SIGNOR Campanini de Reszke Du Bois
Had a wonderful, thunderful, blunderful voice.
He could sing with a roaring, uproarious roar,
Like the turbulent waves as they boom on the shore.
Or again, he could sing with an ear-splitting shriek,
Like a thousand wild pigs in unanimous squeak.
But somehow or other none seemed to rejoice
To hear Campanini de Reszke Du Bois.

GRANDMAMMA made a cooky-cat,
Brown and spicy and round and fat.
She set it up on the pantry shelf
Safe and sound, and thought to herself,
To-morrow morning when Bobby comes,
I'll give him that cat and some sugar-plums.
And Grandma smiled and felt very glad,
For Bobby was such a dear little lad
So the cooky-cat sat there and waited awhile
When Bridget espied it and said with a smile,
"Arrah! there's a cat the Missus has made,
I'll take it and kape it for Mikey, indade.
'Twill do the bye good and the Missus won't mind,
She's such a shwate lady, so ginerous an' kind."
She went to the kitchen and meaning no ill,
Laid the cooky-cat down on the broad window-sill.
An hour or so later, a tramp passing by
On that beautiful cooky-cat fastened his eye.
He looked and he listened, and hearing no sound,
He felt sure he was safe, there was no one around,—
He stealthily reached to the sill where it sat
And wickedly stole that dear cooky-cat!
Then away down the road he rapidly ran,
Oh, oh, what a bad, wicked, bold beggar-man!
Then he thought to himself, this cake spiced and sweet,
Is not just the kind of food I wish to eat.
I'll stop at this baker's and ask him for bread,

And offer to give him the cooky instead.
To the baker of course it all seemed very strange,
But he was quite willing to make the exchange.
For of bread he'd a plenty, but never before
Was such a fine cooky-cat seen in his store.
In the window 'twas placed and a crowd gathered round
To see the cat-cooky so spiced and so browned.
And all of the children who looked at the cat,
At once began screaming " Mamma, buy me that ! "
Now soon to the window (and this is quite queer)
Our little friend Bob and his parents drew near.
And his father exclaimed as he noticed the toy,—
" Why, mother made such cats when I was a boy.
I'll buy it for you, Bob, for I'm certain that
Is a reguiar, genuine old-fashioned cat."
They carried home the wonderful prize
With its citron nose and its currant eyes,
And Bobby played with it all the day
And at bed-time put it securely away
In the nursery cupboard, and said " Good-night,
Dear cooky-cat till the morning light."
But, alas, when the house was dark and still
The cooky-cat felt a sudden thrill
For she heard the patter of tiny mice,
Attracted no doubt by her fragrant spice.
Nearer and nearer they slyly came,—
The cooky-cat trembled through all her frame.
They climbed to the shelf on which she sat,—

Alas, alas for the cooky-cat!
She plead for mercy—the mice said "Nay,
To turn about is but fair play.
A cat will always eat mice and that
Makes it fair for the mice to eat the cat!"
So that was the cooky-cat's sad fate,
Those greedy mice just ate and ate.
And in the morning Bobby found
Only a few crumbs scattered round.
Then down in his little chair he sat
And mourned for his beautiful cooky-cat.
But his father said, "Don't cry, my son,
Grandma will make you another one."

THE FLYING HOUSE

A MAN who did ridiculous things,
Once built a house with two large wings.

Although for years that house stood firm
And never even seemed to squirm,

'Twould have said,—had its thoughts been put in words,—
" I have wings,—I am sure I can fly like the birds."

It watched its chance, and one fine day,
The master and mistress had gone away,

And the house had nothing at all to do,
So it flapped its wings and away it flew!

When the man and his wife came home at night
They wept and wailed at their sorry plight.

" Alas! we are homeless now," said they,
" Our beautiful house has flown away."

But the man was brave and ingenious too,
He said, " I'll tell you what we'll do;

" Although impossible it may seem,
We'll catch our house by a clever scheme.

" To shoot it is not exactly right,
So we'll buy a house-trap and set it to-night."

They bought the best house-trap they could find
Of a large and very expensive kind,

And they baited it with tables and chairs,
(The things for which a house most cares.)

That night when all was dark and still,
And the house was flying about at will,

A strange looking object caught its eye.
And toward the thing it began to fly.

It swooped down quickly and like a dunce
Was attracted by the bait at once.

Then with many a cautious glance around,
The house crept slyly along the ground.

It never had heard of a snare or gin,
And it fearlessly poked its chimney in,—

Click—clack! went the spring, with a sudden snap.
The house was caught in that terrible trap!

The man and his wife came hurrying up,
And joy and gladness filled their cup.

"Hurrah!" they cried, "our trouble's past,
We've caught our dear old house at last."

Then they clipped its wings; but to feel secure,
And make assurance doubly sure,

They built around it a great high fence,
With a massive gate and a lock immense.

And now you may see the reason why
We build fences 'round houses inclined to fly.

A WEIGHTY MATTER

A FEATHER, a Fish and a Flatiron
Fell into a sea of ink;
Now one could float and one could swim
But the other one had to sink.
And which one floated and which one swam,
And which was drowned, do you think?

TWO INVALIDS

"OH, dear, I've a frog in my throat to-day."
A stork was heard to complain;
"And I," said the fish as he swam away,
"Have water on the brain."

A BUNNY once made up his mind
He'd be a robber rabbit;
And everything that he could find,
He'd run around and grab it.

He dug, deep in the darksome woods,
A cave which was a wonder,
Wherein to hide his stolen goods,
His booty, and his plunder.

He bought him then a coat of mail,
A sword and spear and rifle;
He vowed to make the bravest quail,
With fears they could not stifle.

He set out on his wild career,
But ere he'd fairly started,
Seized with a sudden sickening fear,
Back to his home he darted.

For he had seen an awful sight,
With dread his heart was quaking;
And with a frantic, fearful fright
His armored form was shaking.

An awful looking specter had
Attacked him with great vigor;
'Twas like himself in armor clad,
But three or four times bigger.

L. of C.

Our hero struck out like a man,
The foe would but elude him.
At last Sir Bunny turned and ran—
The villain still pursued him.

But when he safely reached his cave,
After this scene exciting,
He said, "Although I'm very brave,
I've had enough of fighting.

"I'll doff my arms and armor, too;
Life should be gay and glad, oh!"
And that brave bunny never knew
He'd fought with his own shadow!

THE NAUGHTY CAT

ONCE there was a little cat
Who wouldn't go to bed,
No matter what her mother did
Or what her mother said.

The more they tried to coax her,
The more she just declared
She wouldn't, *couldn't* shut her eyes,
And then she sat and stared.

Now, what do you think happened
To this kitten so perverse,
Whose very naughty conduct
Kept ever growing worse?

They put her in a basket
And they carried her away,—
And what became of that bad cat
I wouldn't like to say!

THE UNTIDY CLOCK

THIS naughty clock before you stands,
He will not wash his face and hands,
But stands there idly in his place,
And holds his hands before his face.
Though soap and sponge are sitting near,
A basin, too, of water clear,
The clock has never yet been seen
To try to make himself more clean.
Dearie, 'twould give me quite a shock
If you were like the untidy clock.

Peter Newell - 1900

A DOLLY DIALOGUE

SCENE: The Nursery. Time: Midnight.

Rubber Doll: This night is very long and weary,
Excuse me if I stretch and yawn.

Rag Doll: I must confess I'm tired too, dearie,
And it is several hours till dawn.

Bisque Doll: I'm rather glad of rest and quiet,
The nights are better than the days.

Paper Doll: Yes, for the nursery's in a riot
And Polly tears me when she plays.

Rubber Doll: Don't say a word against our Polly!
I won't allow it, do you hear?

Paper Doll: I didn't! I'm her favorite dolly,—

Rag Doll: (sotto voce) She called me that,—how very queer.

Bisque Doll: What utter nonsense you are talking,
Of course dear Polly loves *me* best.
She takes me when she goes out walking,—

China Doll: But that's because you're finely dressed.

Rubber Doll: Yes, wait till you're a little older,

Paper Doll: Till Polly gets you torn and soiled.

Rubber Doll: (sighing) That child! I think some one should scold her,

Bisque Doll: There's danger of her being spoiled.

Rubber Doll: She doesn't mean to be so careless,—

Rag Doll: I don't mind how she batters *me.*

Bisque Doll: Of course you don't, your head is hairless,
And you're as dirty as can be.

Wax Doll: My hand is smashed.

China Doll: My foot is broken.

Worsted Doll: I haven't seen my cap for days.

Paper Doll: Perhaps a word in kindness spoken
Would make our Polly mend her ways.

Rubber Doll: Or mend her dolls!

China Doll: (laughing) That *would* be better.

Wax Doll: I'd like my arm put in a sling.

Rubber Doll: Let's send her a Round Robin letter!

Bisque Doll: A good idea.

Rag Doll: The very thing!

Wax Doll: But who will write it?

Rag Doll: I'm not able.

Brownie Doll: I think I can; I'm pretty smart.

Rubber Doll: Well, sit right down at this small table,
Here is a pencil. Now, let's start.

Wax Doll: What shall we say?

Bisque Doll: Don't write too gruffly,
I've no wish to offend the child.

Rubber Doll: Oh, no, we mustn't word it roughly.

Brownie Doll: All right, I'll make it kind and mild.

Bisque Doll: Tell her we love her very dearly,
And we regret to make a fuss,

Wax Doll: But we'd be grateful,—state it clearly,—
If she'd take better care of us.

Brownie Doll: (writing) "Oh, Polly dear, we love you madly,
But you are naughty without doubt"—

Bisque Doll: No, that won't do, it sounds so badly,

Rubber Doll. Here, take my head and rub it out.

Brownie Doll: Thank you.

Bisque Doll: Now try a new beginning.

Brownie Doll: "Our Polly dear, we love you much,
Your smile is sweet, your ways are winning,

But oh, destructive is your touch."

Bisque Doll: Yes, that is better. 'Twill restrain her,
She'll understand it, she's so bright;

Rubber Doll: But can't you print a little plainer?

Brownie Doll: Your head again—there, that's all right.

Rag Doll: Tell her we love to have her pet us,
We don't mind thumps and bumps and cracks.

China Doll: Speak for yourself!

Wax Doll: She should not set us
Too near the fire if we're of wax.

Worsted Doll: She mustn't give us to the kitten,

China Doll: Nor step on us,

Paper Doll: Nor get us wet.

Brownie Doll: Everything that you've said, I've written,
But there's room on the paper yet.

Bisque Doll: Well, fill it up with greetings tender,
Tell her our love is strong and true;
And any loving message send her,
That, as you write, occurs to you.

Rag Doll: Tell her we're glad that we're her dollies,

Rubber Doll: Of all small girlies she's our choice.
Bisque Doll: No smile is half so sweet as Polly's,
Paper Doll: No voice so merry as her voice.
Brownie Doll: There, now it's done.
Bisque Doll: We'll light this taper
And sign and seal it.
Rag Doll: Come, be brisk.
My name first—RAG—next,
Worsted Doll: WORSTED,
Paper Doll: PAPER,
Wax Doll: WAX,
China Doll: CHINA,
Rubber Doll: RUBBER,
Brownie Doll: BROWNIE,
Bisque Doll: BISQUE.

A KIND LADY

A WARM-HEARTED lady was old Mistress Mabel,
To whom the cold weather was always a shock;
She bought leggings to put on the legs of her table,
And mittens to put on the hands of her clock.

THE PIE

"THE pie is just a little tart,"
My hostess said, and I
Said pleasantly, "You mean a tart
Is just a little pie."

A VEXED QUESTION

THERE was a wise old botanist, and he was known to fame.
Linnæus Cincinnatus Hocus-Pocus was his name.
His knowledge was stupendous, his wisdom was profound,
His learning in botanic fields was something to astound.
But there was one deep question this wiseacre could not solve,
And round its puzzling mysteries his mind would e'er revolve.
He'd sit within his study and he'd ponder by the hour,
Muttering, "*Is* a cabbage rose what we may cauliflower?"

A WAS an auk
Who went for a walk,
He chatted and smiled
With a dog and a child.
Affable Auk!

B was a Bear
Who sat on a chair;
But his size was so great
The chair broke with his weight.
Burly old Bear!

C was a Cow
Who didn't know how
To make muffins for tea,
So she ran up a tree,
Curious Cow!

D was a Deer
Who studied a year;
She learned how to spell
And wrote very well,
Diligent Deer!

E was an Eel
Who tried to conceal
His sinuous shape
By a red-and-white cape,
Elegant Eel!

F was a Frog
With excitement agog,
For he feared that a bat
Would fly off with his hat!
Fanciful Frog!

G was a Goose
Who was wrong in her head,
And she always believed
Everything that was said.
Gullible Goose!

H was a Hen
Who maltreated her chicks,
She whipped them with rods
And beat them with sticks.
Horrible Hen!

I was an Ibex
Who hated his school,
He missed all his lessons
And grew up a fool.
Ignorant Ibex!

J was a Jay
Who sang all the day,
He was very well dressed
In a neat ruffled vest.
Jaunty young Jay!

K was a Kite
Who flew in the night
And brought peaches and pearls
To good little girls.
Kind-hearted Kite!

L was a Lamb
Who wanted to know
If he went half-a-mile
How far he would go.
Ludicrous Lamb!

M was a Mink
Whose favorite drink
Was milk and cologne
Which he stirred with a bone.
Marvelous Mink!

N was a Newt
Who played on a flute;
Each evening he'd spend
With a different friend.
Neighborly Newt!

O was an Owl
With a red velvet cowl,
Who had, I am told,
A coach made of gold.
Opulent Owl!

P was a Pig
Who rode in a gig,
The obsequious crowd
Saluted and bowed.
Popular Pig!

Q was a Quail
Who wanted to sail—
But he said he forgot
To buy him a yacht.
Quizzical Quail!

R was a Rat
Who determined to chat
With the Pope in his home,
So he started for Rome.
Resolute Rat!

S was a Snipe
Who smoked a long pipe,
And offered stewed plums
To all of his chums.
Sociable Snipe!

T was a Toad
Who carried a load
Of plasters and pills,
For he feared many ills.
Timorous Toad

U was a Unicorn
Happy and glad,
But he broke his best tea-set
And that made him sad.
Unhappy Unicorn!

V was a Viper
Dressed neatly in white,
When any one called
He was kind and polite.
Virtuous Viper!

W was a Worm
Who was old and infirm,
Afflicted with Gout
He hobbled about.
Woe-begone Worm!

X was a Xerus
With a long tail,
He carried his luncheon
To School in a pail.
Excellent Xerus!

Y was a Yak
Who painted a plaque
With scrupulous care
To sell at a fair.
Yellowish Yak!

ALPHABET ANTICS

Z was a Zebra
Striped black and white,
He studied all day
And he studied all night.
Zealous old Zebra!

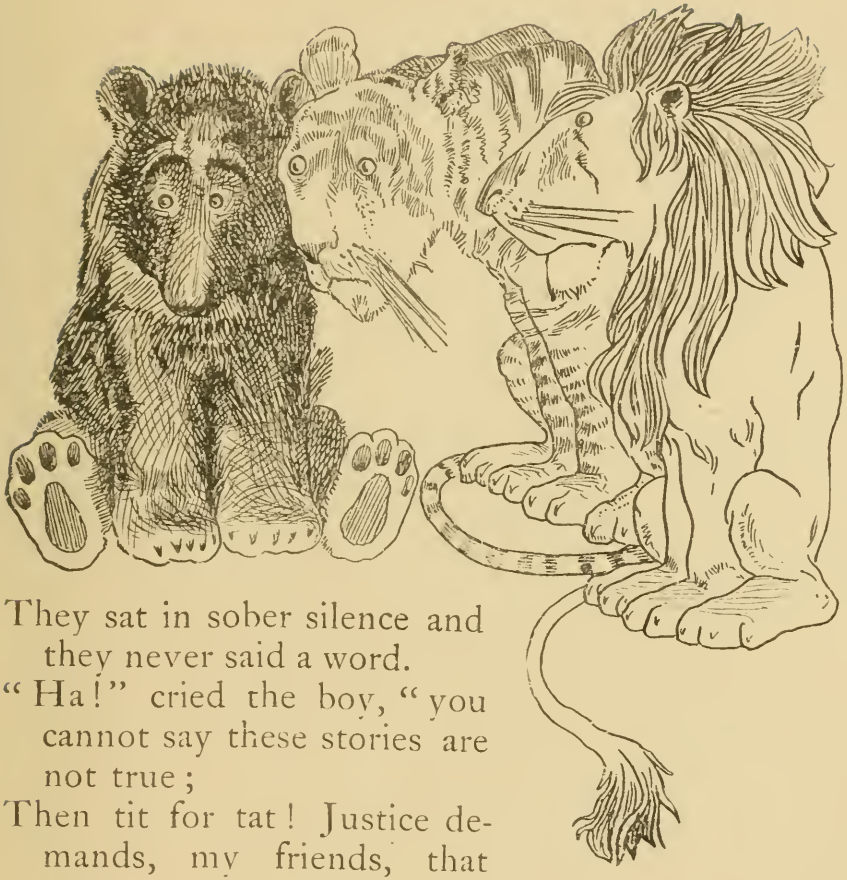
A TRAVELER

THERE was an old man with a bucket;
A ticket he took to Nantucket.
Said he, "At the wicket
They'll take up this ticket,
But till then in my bucket I'll tuck it."

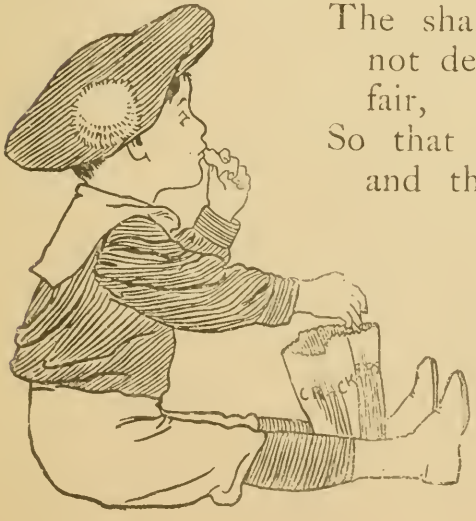
RETRIBUTION

ONCE on a time there was a boy, the bravest ever known;
He had a bear, a lion, and a tiger, all his own.
He kept them in his nursery, and that boy, I do declare,
Would boldly face the lion and the tiger and the bear.
One day he proudly spake to them: "Well may you crouch and cower!
O mighty beasts, your fate is sealed; I have you in my power.
But ere I send you to your doom, to you I'll kindly state
Why on your unprotected heads must fall this direful fate.
They tell me when you roam at large within the jungle glade,
You eat up passing travelers who in your haunts have strayed.
They say you've dined on many men, perhaps a boy or two,
But there's a possibility these tales may not be true.
So one last chance I'll give you your defamers to defy;
I'll set you free if you their accusations can deny."
When the lion and the tiger and the bear this offer heard,

RETRIBUTION



They sat in sober silence and they never said a word.
"Ha!" cried the boy, "you cannot say these stories are not true;
Then tit for tat! Justice demands, my friends, that I eat you!"



The shamefaced beasts could not deny that this was only fair,
So that boy ate up the tiger and the lion and the bear!

THE ADVENTUROUS KANGAROO

THERE once was a capable Kangaroo
Who wanted to sail in a red canoe,
He started one day
And he paddled away
To the coast of Timbuctoo.

He tied his boat and he hopped ashore,
He stayed a couple of hours or more,
He went to tea
With a Chimpanzee
Who kept a candy store.

Then he asked the time of a passing hen,
She said it was nearly half-past ten,
So he jumped in his boat
And set it afloat
And sailed back home again.

BELINDA BUMBLE

LITTLE Belinda Bumble
Would always growl and grumble
If she couldn't have exactly what she wanted every day;
She'd whine and growl,
And frown and scowl
Till the people ran away.

Little Belinda Bumble
Would always fret and mumble
If her food was not exactly served according to her wish.;
She'd fuss and fret
And fly in a pet
Till they took away the dish.

Little Belinda Bumble
Would always stub and stumble
If she couldn't select the road to take when she went out to roam;
She'd scuffle and stamp
And rage and ramp
Till they had to take her home.

BELINDA BUMBLE

One day Belinda Bumble
Asked for a sugar jumble,
But her mother said, " I'll give no cakes to a child
with such naughty ways ! "
Then Belinda was fed
On water and bread
For days and days and days.

Now Little Belinda Bumble
Is very meek and humble ;
She's kind and sweet and pleasant, and she does as
she is told ;
And every day,
The people say,
" She's just as good as gold ! "

THE POLITE DEER

A DIGNIFIED deer, with sprangling horns,
Stepped into a hatter's and said:
"I am pleased with the stock which your window adorns;
Pray, show me some hats for my head."

The hatter was frightened half out of his wits,
But with manner quite bland and sedate,
He said: "I'm afraid I have nothing that fits
Your particular kind of a pate."

Said the deer: "Sir, your window that statement denies;
I ask nothing that's better than these;
I don't so much care for the fit or the size,
But I'd like a variety, please.

"So give me a felt hat, and give me a straw,
And a beaver of superfine nap;
A wide-awake also, a broad mackinaw,
And a little silk traveling-cap.

"A red smoking-fez, embroidered in gold,
A helmet of white, lined with green,
A big, furry sealskin to keep out the cold,
And a sailor-cap like a marine.

"No, I don't want them boxed,—I'll wear them at once;
Indeed, as I often have said,
Who carries his hats in a box is a dunce
When there's plenty of room on his head."

THE BAD ADDER

THERE was a little adder who said he wouldn't add,
As he sat in school one pleasant summer day ;
The teacher said such conduct was very, very bad,
And the naughty little adder ran away.
The garden gate was barred,
But he saw down in the yard,
A monstrous ladder standing very high ;
And that adder
Climbed the ladder,
At each round a-growing madder,
Till he seemed to reach the sky.
And I have never heard
Another single word,
And of our hero not a trace I've found.
But, of course, you must admit
Up there he still must sit,
As he never has descended to the ground.
And I'm sure there's nothing sadder
Than to be a little adder
A-sitting on a ladder's topmost round.

PRECAUTION

ON the first of January
An eccentric Cassowary
Said, "Forgetfulness has always been my one dread.
So I'll sit here till December
In order to remember
Just where I spent the year of 1900."

TWO MODELS

THERE was a small child who was cross as could be,
And snippish and snappish quite dreadful to see;
Another was smiling and happy all day,
And had just the sweetest and pleasantest way;
And this is a secret between you and me,
Like which of these two are you trying to be?

A CHRISTMAS PARTY

A LONG time ago, in a land far away,
Mother Goose gave a party one bright Christmas-day.
She marshaled her children in brilliant array,
And invited the folk from Fairy-Tale way.
There was sweet Cinderella, Dame Trot and her cat;
And Jack the Giant-Killer, and Horner and Spratt.
There was Little Boy Blue,
And the Frog who would woo,
And the funny Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe.
There was Little Miss Muffet and Red-Ridinghood,
And Hop-o'-my-Thumb and the Babes in the Wood.
There was jolly King Cole
And his fiddlers droll,
And a great many more that I cannot enroll.
When all were assembled, so history tells,
They heard in the distance a chiming of bells,
And, drawn by his eight prancing reindeer so gay,
Santa Claus soon appeared in his glittering sleigh.
The children all gathered around him with joy,
And each one received a most beautiful toy;
And—this part of the tale you can scarcely believe—
Whatever they asked they were sure to receive.
Their gifts made them all as happy as kings,
But some of them asked for the funniest things.
The Babes in the Wood desired new winter suits.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY

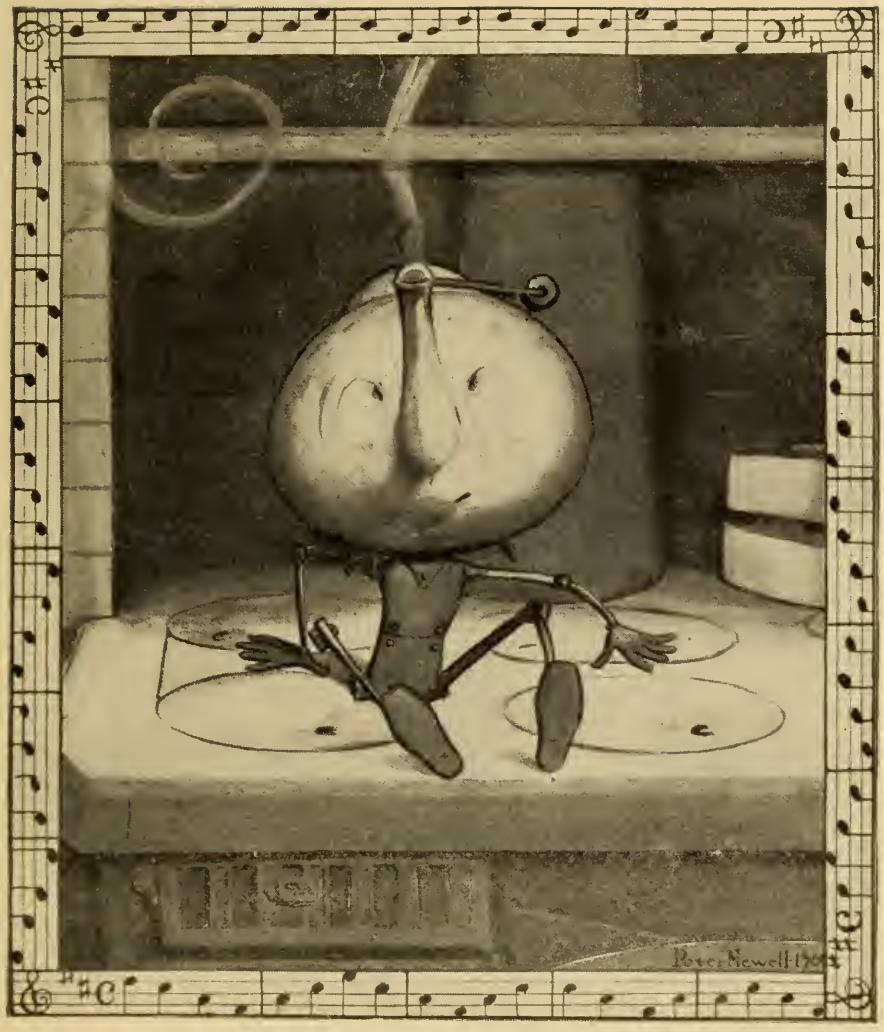
Cinderella said she wanted high rubber boots.
And Little Boy Blue was longing, he said,
For a nice little bed,
With a blue-and-white spread,
And a soft feather pillow to put 'neath his head.
Jack Horner requested a silver pie-knife;
Jack Spratt said he'd like a new gown for his wife.
Then Jack and Jill said
That they wanted a sled,
With shining steel runners, and painted bright red.
Simple Simon announced he'd like turnover pies,
Of various flavors and rather good size.
Mother Hubbard remarked, in quavering tones,
That she'd be much obliged for a bushel of bones.
Bo Peep said she'd love to have a new crook;
The Queen of Hearts asked for a recipe-book.
And thus Santa Claus went on through the list;
Each had a fine present and no one was missed.
Then he jumped into his sleigh and drove out of sight;
"Merry Christmas," he called, "and to all a good night!"
And each guest went home saying, "This seems to me
The very best party that ever could be."

A WINDFALL

MR. Benny Factor Scattergood
Performed kind deeds whenever he could.
He specially liked the children to please,
So he planted a grove of Christmas trees,
He tended them carefully day by day,
And they grew in a most astonishing way.
They were thrifty and strong from top to root,
And they bore the finest grade of fruit.
Their branches were loaded with candies and toys
And all sorts of treasures for girls and boys;
And old Benny Factor was heard to say
They'd be ready to pick by Christmas day.
But the weather turned cold, and, would you believe,
A wind sprang up on Christmas Eve
And blew so hard that, if you please,
It blew everything off of those Christmas trees.
Next morning the children gathered around
And saw the toys all on the ground,
And old Benny Factor Scattergood
Told them to carry off all they could.
Then, before a body could count to three,
There wasn't a thing left under a tree!
Old Scattergood laughed till he bent quite double,
Saying, "That gale saved me a lot of trouble!"

THE NAUGHTY KETTLE

THIS kettle has a wilful way
Of singing through his nose all day.
And though it is his great desire
To be a member of the choir,
He will not go to singing-school
And learn to sing by master's rule;
But just keeps on his droning drawl,
Because he thinks he knows it all.
Dearie, I'm very sure that you
Will sing in tones both clear and true.


Peter Newell 1904

A SERIOUS DEFECT

PADEREWSKI Joseffy Fortissimo Lee
Was the greatest pianist you ever did see.
He rendered fantasias, gavottes and sonatas,
Cadenzas and overtures, fugues and cantatas.
He could play like the sweep of the rushing cyclone.
Or as softly and low as the South wind's faint moan.
He knew all the works of Beethoven and Liszt,—
Of Wagner and Chopin, not one had he missed.
He won honors and laurels wherever he went,
And he knew he deserved them, so he was content.
But his pride had a fall, for his small niece one day
Came to hear her great Uncle Fortissimo play.
And she said, as the master turned smiling to greet her,
" Please, sir, can you play ' Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater ' ? "

He was deeply chagrined, and he felt very blue,
But he meekly replied, " No, I can't, dear, can you ? "
" Oh, yes," she responded, and flew to the keys—
With her two fat forefingers she played it with ease.
And she afterward said, " I would rather be me,
Than Paderewski Joseffy Fortissimo Lee."

DOT'S QUERY

DOT and her father saw a yacht
A-sailing on the sea.
"What kind of boat is that?" said Dot.
"A catboat, dear," said he.

A question rose in Dotty's mind—
She watched the sloop afloat.
Then said: "Is that one tied behind
A little kitten boat?"

A FUNNY LITTLE GIRL

I KNOW the dearest little girl, she's just as sweet as jam,
And I have heard it stated she is "Grandma's Blessed Lamb."

One day she went to service in the village meeting house;
She sat so still and shy they called her "Mother's Little Mouse."

And when she went to Auntie May's, at least so I have heard,
That little girl was told that she was "Auntie's Precious Bird."

Now somebody explain it, for my brain is in a whirl,
How she's a Lamb, a Mouse, a Bird and yet a Little Girl!

'TWAS the day before Christmas, and all through the school
The pupils were restless and broke every rule;
A spirit of mischief pervaded the air,
And the master at last stamped his foot in despair,
He thumped on his desk, and he said, "Girls and boys,
Come to order at once. I won't have so much noise!
Attend to your lessons, and understand clearly,
The next one who speaks shall be punished severely."
Appalled by this threat, for a time no one spoke,
Until, with a chuckle suppressed to a choke,
"Please, sir," said the voice of the tiniest scholar,
"To-morrow is Christmas, and I've got to holler!"
The pupils looked scared, and the master looked black,
He glanced at the birch rod that hung at his back;
But as he arose and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all covered with ashes and soot.
"Merry Christmas, my children," he said, with a wink,
Then he turned to the master, and—what do you think?—

He looked at him queerly. "My dear sir," he said,
"You may go to your home, and I'll stay here instead.
Take your coat from the peg and your hat from the shelf,—
The rest of to-day I will teach school myself."
The master departed. St. Nicholas took
His seat at the desk and he opened a book.
"Hoot, toot!" he exclaimed. "What nonsense is this?
I'll teach you some lessons worth learning, I wis.
And nothing to-day in this school may be taught,
But shall with the spirit of Christmas be fraught.
Put away all your books and just listen to me."
The children right gladly obeyed his decree,
And attentively sat, while St. Nicholas' lore
Made attractive the studies so stupid of yore.
The botany class he found easy to please
By a simple analysis of Christmas-trees;
Their species and habits, their culture and use,
And the relative merits of hemlock and spruce.
Of the red holly-berry and white mistletoe
He gave a description and told how they grow.
The history class learned that once on a time,
Long, long years ago, in a far distant clime,
There dawned on this earth the first Christmas Day;
And this class was well pleased to discover that they
Had no long string of difficult dates to remember;
They need learn only one,—25th of December.

The astronomy class was told of a star
That appeared long years since, in a country afar.
Then St. Nicholas said, "Children dear, if you please,
We'll now sing some carols and catches and glees."
The geography class then this queer teacher told
Of his far-away home at the North Pole so cold.
He described it, and then the obliging old chap
Turned round to the blackboard and drew them a map,
To show them the route which he travels each year,
With his miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
The classes in science were then taught to know
The wonderful value of ice, frost and snow;
And St. Nicholas chuckled while wisely dilating
On the process of snowballing, coasting or skating.
The geometry pupils were sent to the board,
And by diagrams made with a crayon and cord,
Were taught to inscribe with an accurate eye
Component triangles in circles of pie.
A lecture on natural history then
The teacher announced as he laid down his pen;
And the pupils all listened, delighted to hear
Description and tales of the noble reindeer.
Ornithology followed, in well-chosen words
Which made clear to them all that the principal birds,
The handsomest birds, and the birds of most use,

Without doubt are the turkey, the duck and the goose.
Physiology next, and the children learned why
It is best not to eat too much candy or pie.
Last of all came the class in industrial arts,
And by numerous diagrams, sketches and charts
St. Nick to the children, who round him were flocking,
Demonstrated the best way to hang up a stocking.
"Now lessons are over," St. Nicholas said,
"Skurry home, eat your suppers and hop into bed.
For until you are all wrapped in slumber profound,
I cannot start out on my annual round."
He sprang to his sleigh and he reached for his whip;
The children ran home with a hop and a skip,
But they heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all! I will drop in to-night."

THE WEATHER-COCK

FROM the very tiptop of the town hall steeple
A big brass cock looks down on the people.
Whenever he hears the whistle blow
He flaps his wings and begins to crow.
(This story is quite true, my dear,
But, of course, that big brass cock can't hear.)

THE CLAM

THERE was an inconsequent clam
Who lived upon mulberry jam;
When they said "Won't you try
Some cranberry pie?"
He said, "I believe that I am!"

THE FALSE FIRECRACKER

A LARGE cannon cracker stood up on a shelf,
And chuckled with glee as it thought to itself:
"What a joke I shall have on those two timid boys,
For they think I'll explode with a deafening noise.

"They little suspect, if they'd just raise my lid,
That peanuts and candies are under it hid.
Oh, what fun it will be, when my string they ignite,
And jump back, expecting a horrible fright!"

It all came to pass as the cracker foresaw;
They lighted it timidly, breathless with awe.
But the look on their faces immediately after
Struck the cracker so droll, it exploded with laughter!

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES

I KNOW a little boy named Jim
Who lives up on our street.
His parents fitted up for him
A work-room all complete.

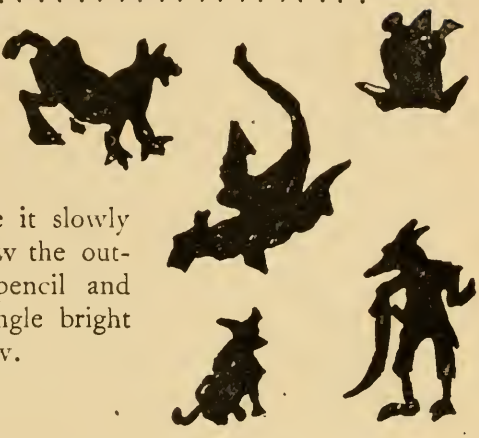
Provided with all kinds of tools,
A good big work-bench too—
Gimlets and saws and planes and rules,
Hammers and tacks and glue.

There was a vise, a wrench, an adze,
A compass, bit, and brace;
All kinds of staples, nails, and brads,
And everything in place.

With all those tools for his own use
You'd think he'd learn a little;
And yet he's such an awful goose
He cannot even whittle.

THE CRUMPS OF CRUMPLETOWN

To make Crumps, pin a smooth sheet of paper to the wall, then take a torn bit of paper, the more irregular the better, crumple it up in your hand, and hold it so its shadow will fall on the sheet of paper. Move it slowly around until a Crump appears. Draw the outline of the shadow-picture with a pencil and afterward fill it in with ink. A single bright light should be used to cast the shadow.



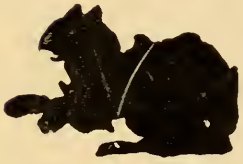
THE day was breaking in Crumpletown,
The sun rose up and the sun shone down;
The weather was fair,
And up in the air
The little Crump lark was soaring high,
And singing his song to the morning sky;
The Crumps reluctantly opened their eyes,
And said, "Why, it must be time to rise!"

The day wore on—as days will do—
Till 'twas afternoon, about half past two
When old Mother Crump, in her fresh, clean cap,
Sat down at the window, her work in her lap;
And she said, "Goodness knows!
I am tired, but I s'pose
I can't even take time for a rocking-chair doze,
For it's really my duty to mend these old hose,

That are all full of holes from the tops to the toes."

She thrust in her hand,
And a stocking she scanned,
Saying, "Jim is the hardest on socks in the land!"

Then she gave a soft pat
To her little Crump cat
Who was awfully funny and awfully fat.
To him she directed the most of her chat.
As he stood by her side on a braided rag mat.



He said not a word,
But she knew that he heard
By the sympathy shown in his voice when he purred.

Intent on her work,
She sewed with a jerk,
For old Mother Crump was never a shirk;
When, raising her eye,
What should she espy
But her neighbor's son Johnny go capering by—
Of course the old lady was bound to know why.
She shouted, "Hi! Hi!"
He made this reply:
"Can't stop! In a hurry! A great show! Oh, my!"

Now old Mother Crump was a chipper old soul,
And dearly loved anything jolly or droll.
She said, "I must go
To see this great show.
I'm sure it's more fun than to sit here and sew."
She threw down her stockings, her needles and yarn,

She flung on her bonnet and rushed to the barn,
Saying, "I cannot run
Like Neighbor Jones's son,
And I don't want to get there too late for the fun."

So, being a sensible lady indeed,
She saddled and bridled her noble Crump steed;
Who, when he was freed,
Set off at full speed,
And down to the village they both did proceed.
The first one they met was old Mr. Stone,
Who chanced to be passing, afoot and alone.
His wife's little bonnet was perched on his head;
Of feathers or trimming it hadn't a shred
His manner was mild,
And he genially smiled,
Though a grumpy old Crump he sometimes was styled.

The old lady rode on,
Still looking for John,
And wishing she knew which way he had gone;
When Miss Crumpalina, a haughty young miss,
Put her head out the window and shouted out this:
"Are you anxious to go
To that travelling show?
It's around the next corner, if you want to know."

Now old Mother Crump didn't like it a bit
To be talked to that way by a silly young chit,
She shook her old head,
And to herself said,
"I don't think that Crump girl is very well-bred.
She sits in her window and looks like a statue,
And I just can't abide the way she stares at you;
With her back hair done up in a loose Psyche knot,
And her frizzled bang looking like—I don't know what!"

But when the old dame
To the next corner came,
She heard a man loudly calling her name.
'Twas old Deacon Black, who insisted on knowing
What she was out for, and where she was going.

"Well, well," said the deacon,
"I heard some one speakin'
About that 'ere show that you seem to be seekin'.
Here comes Mrs. Bunch; we can ask her if she
Has any idee
Where that circus can be."

Mother Bunch didn't know, but she thought she had heard
Of some one who said he had just caught a word
Of what some one was saying, who told of some brother,
Or cousin, or uncle, or some one or other,
Who read in the paper that that very day
Some kind of a show was coming that way.

Then old Mother Crump grew excited and bright,
And she gleefully said, " I was sure I was right!
Good-by, now, good-by!
For I must be spry,
And to find that great show I shall certainly try."

She urged her Crump steed
To the top of his speed,
Convinced that at last her attempt would succeed.
When, turning a corner, she saw a great crowd;
The noise was distracting, the laughter was loud!
Then old Mother Crump was delighted to think
She'd at last found the show! she was just on the brink,
And nothing would cause her to falter or shrink.

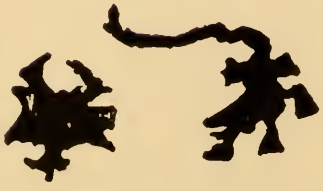
But as she drew near, a strange figure she saw,
A queer-looking person who filled her with awe,
Of foreign extraction the stranger appeared,
With a loose, flowing robe and a bushy black beard;
His feet were all bandaged and padded.
" No doubt,"
Old Mother Crump thought, " he suffers from gout."

Then, as she drew nearer, she heard the man say,
" Ho! ladies and gentlemen, step up this way
And behold, at your pleasure, my great dancing bear.

A wonderful creature! Beyond all compare!
(And of imitations I beg you beware!)
He can stand on his head, with his tail in the air,
Or dance on a table, or sit in a chair,
Or climb up a ladder, or run up a stair.
He was tracked to his lair,
Then caught in a snare,
And now he's as tame as a cow, I declare!
Oh, come, and behold my gay, dancing bear!"

Dear old Mother Crump was delighted to see
The bear, who was clever as clever could be.
He smiled and he bowed
To the Crumpletown crowd,
And seemed to be almost with reason endowed.

Mother Crump, when at last the performance was o'er,
And again she had reached her own cottage door,
Remarked to her cat,
As they sat down to chat,
She in her rocker and puss on the mat:
"I wish you had seen it, Crump Kitty, my dear,
For I'm free to confess it was awfully queer.
To tame the poor creature
does not seem quite right,
But that dancing
Crump bear was
a wonderful sight."



THE sisters to the ball had gone,
Bedecked with gems and sashes;
Poor Cinderella sat alone,
A-weeping by the ashes.

As usual, then, the fairy Dame,
With silks and jewels laden,
A-tapping at the window came,
And comforted the maiden.

Soon Cinderella was arrayed;
No longer sad and wearied,
"Why is my carriage yet delayed?"
Of the good dame she queried.

"Alas!" her godmother replied,
"No mice can I discover,
Horses to make, that you may ride
In state to meet your lover."

"No mice!" dismayed the damsel spoke;
"But, stay—a thought comes o'er me.
Out of the pumpkin can't you make
An automobile for me?"

"Yes," said the dame; "I think I could,"
Three times the pumpkin tapping,
When, lo! an automobile stood,
Bedecked with gorgeous trapping.

CINDERELLA UP TO DATE

Then Cinderella sped away
In her new horseless carriage;
What wonder that the Prince next day
Should seek her hand in marriage!

THE WHISTLING WHALE

A WHISTLING whale once built his nest
On the very tip-top of a mountain's crest;
He wore a tunic and blue cocked hat
And for fear of mice he kept a cat.

The whistling whale had a good-sized mouth,
It measured three feet from north to south,
But when he whistled he puckered it up
Till it was as small as a coffee-cup.

The people came from far and near
This wonderful whistling whale to hear;
And in a most obliging way
He stood on his tail and whistled all day.

A is for Apple that hangs on the tree.
B is for Bells that chime out in glee.
C is for Candy to please boys and girls.
D is for Dolls with long flaxen curls.
E is for Evergreens decking the room.
F is for Flowers of exquisite perfume.
G is for Gifts that bring us delight.
H is for Holly with red berries bright.
I is for Ice so shining and clear.
J is the Jingle of bells far and near.
K is Kriss Kringle with fur cap and coat.
L is for Letters the children all wrote.
M is for Mistletoe, shining like wax.
N is for Nuts which Grandpapa cracks.
O is for Oranges, yellow and sweet.
P for Plum Pudding, a holiday treat.
Q, the Quadrille in which each one must dance.
R for the Reindeer that gallop and prance.
S is for Snow that falls silently down.
T is for Turkey, so tender and brown.
U is for Uproar that goes on all day.
V is for Voices that carol a lay.
W, for Wreaths hung up on the wall.
X is for Xmas, with pleasures for all.
Y is for Yule-log that burns clear and bright.
Z is for Zest shown from morning till night.

THE POMPOUS PORPOISE

A POMPOUS Porpoise sat on a rock,
He wore a blue coat with a very high stock,
And a ruffly, puffly frill;
He said, "My wife and my children dear,
Come range yourselves in a circle, here,
And list while I read my will.

"To my loving wife I give and bequeath
My red umbrella and radish wreath,
And my curly-wurly wig;
To my oldest daughter and eldest son,
I leave you each a gingerbread gun
And a pyrotechnic pig.

"To the rest of my porpoise children, fat,
I bequeath to you each a china hat
And a green geography;
And now I have no more to say,
I bid you all a very good day!"
And he dived down into the sea.

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